

of the Powers would inevitably be, as they were at Paris, the attorneys, not of the people, but of the privileged interests that hold war sacred—sacred because necessary to the protection and extension of commercial gains.

The best way, the only way in fact, that the people of any country can secure themselves against a repetition of the late war's inconveniences, is to break the power of the privileged classes in their own country. When America really is a democracy, that is to say governed by its men and women and not by a network of economic forces, the danger of being pushed into another "war for democracy" will diminish, if not altogether disappear. Until then our children will sleep on the brink of the abyss.

AMOS PINCHOT.

### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF LINEAGE.

TRULY, the progress of knowledge is slow and painful. For at least a score of years, anthropologists have been pointing out that race has often little to do with either language or nationality. Indeed, during the great war some of them made heroic efforts to put the essential information before the public, but, as Schiller might say, against folk-science even the anthropologist battles in vain.

Yet the relevant facts are by no means difficult to get at. Go to any large gathering of Germans and scrutinize the crowd. Then compare them with the people you saw at the French theatre two or three winters ago. The chances are that you can match rather more than half the individuals of either group in the other; on the score of mere looks the greatest specialist in the world could never tell which were Germans and which were French. On the other hand, even a careless observer would note that neither the French audience nor the German *Verein* represents a homogeneous group. If they are truly representative gatherings, a number of conspicuously tall men will be found to stand out sharply in either case from a larger body of moderately-sized ones. There will be a few markedly fair individuals amidst a number of distinctly darker type. Again, there will be decided differences in the shape of the heads: in both assemblies there will be men, the width of whose heads is rather more than eight-tenths of the length, while in others the relative width descends towards three-fourths or even falls below that ratio.

Having regard then to the way in which these three traits are associated, we might classify each of our artificial national groups into natural biological ones. From this point of view we should then be able to set off in both of them a subdivision of tall, fair and rather long-headed men, leaving another made up of stocky, darker-haired and markedly broad-headed individuals. From the French audience we might further segregate some men of pronouncedly swarthy complexion, shorter than the broad-skulled group, rather longer-headed even than the tall group. To this last subdivision there would be no equivalent among the Germans. Ignoring it, however, for the present, we may say that a scientist classifying mankind as to physical appearance alone would not hesitate to combine certain Frenchmen and Germans into one division and certain others into a second division altogether irrespective of the differences in speech and political affiliation. To use the accepted nomenclature, he would recognize not a French and a German race, but a tall Nordic or Teutonic and a medium-sized Alpine race, each including at the same time natives of both countries.

But in making this classification the investigator is creating two ideal types, to which only a minority of individuals conform at all closely. There are many men who are both tall and dark, for example; just as there are many short blonds. Nature, in other words, has not neatly segregated all existing individuals into the two types, Nordic and Alpine. In the total population individuals of intermediate character bulk far more prominently than "pure" representatives of the Nordic and the Alpine complex.

These two races, then, are not so much realities coming under our direct observation as they are concepts by means of which the anthropologist can more or less satisfactorily describe much of the extant population of Europe. By assuming that at one time there existed a distinct Teutonic and a distinct Alpine stock, which mixed in varying degree in different parts of Europe, we are able to give a fairly consistent account of the regional differences of the European type. Tall, fair and long-skulled individuals occur most abundantly in Scandinavia and the British Isles, the percentage attaining a maximum in Sweden, where over ten per cent of the total population still conforms to the Nordic type. Southwards its representatives decrease in relative numbers, finally dwindling down to an inconsiderable fraction of the whole people. Thus, comparing the Swedes with the peasants of central France, we find that while a man of five feet, seven inches, ranks as tall among the latter, the net height of nearly sixty per cent of all Swedes is in excess of that height; while the fair hair and long heads prevailing among the Scandinavians are correspondingly rare in the French group.

Of this dwindling of Nordic traits as one departs from the Scandinavian centre, Germany furnishes a striking example. The physical differences noted in our German *Verein* are not by any means freakish, but follow a fairly definite geographical law. It is the Mecklenburger and his immediate neighbours who are almost indistinguishable from the Scandinavian; it is the native of the Black Forest who resembles the peasant of central France. This regional difference persists in spite of all the modern conditions so favourable to migration and interbreeding. Applying the useful symbols of an Alpine and a Nordic race, we can readily interpret the observed phenomena. If, for example, the Mecklenburger proves to be a little shorter and broader-skulled than the Swede, we can explain his departure from the Teutonic norm by a slight infusion of Alpine blood. If the Tyrolese towers above his broad-headed neighbours, a Nordic strain will account for the anomaly.

A corresponding local analysis can be made of the French, and the final result of both studies would lend greater precision to our initial comparison of the two national groups. It is not merely certain Frenchmen and certain Germans, but the French of Normandy and the Germans of Mecklenburg that belong together, while the Breton is similarly united with the Badenser rather than with his Norman compatriot. The Teutonic category includes the French-speaking Norman and quite as definitely excludes the German-speaking inhabitant of the Black Forest.

So far, all is smooth sailing. But it is otherwise when we turn from the study of bodily traits to a comparison of races in the matter of psychology. There is a widespread belief that with racial differences as to outward appearance there are associated profound differences, equally hereditary, in intellectual capacity and ethical outlook. Thus, during the war, some Allied propagandists, ignoring the simple fact that the German people did not represent a racial

unit, attempted to prove that the atrocities of the German soldiers were the necessary result of their organic constitution; that they were as ferocious during the war as they had been in the days of the Cæsars and as they are bound to be to the end of time. Others—and there were scientists among them—showed to their own satisfaction that the Germans were by nature altogether debarred from creative effort. These views, resting, of course, on sheer ignorance, can be briefly dismissed; for the Germans are not a race, and therefore no hereditary traits whatsoever can be ascribed to them as a group. If such qualities as brutality and imitativeness are ascribed to the Nordic racial strain, then they must be at least equally characteristic of the Nordics of the United Kingdom and Scandinavia. If, on the other hand, all their deficiency is due to the Alpine alloy, then the very same shortcomings must be expected of the natives of Central France. In a word, the question whether Germans are innately inferior to English or French is scientifically meaningless; there can be question only of the comparative merits of the Nordic and the Alpine race.

As a matter of fact, some of our recent controversialists possessed a sufficient smattering of anthropological knowledge to formulate the problem in these terms. It is interesting to note that the most prominent, certainly the most vociferous, combatants on both sides were agreed in one point—the vast superiority of the Nordic. When German chauvinists proclaimed the glories of their civilization as a distinctively Nordic product, their English-speaking opponents did not challenge the basic assumption of Nordic supremacy, but contented themselves with showing, correctly enough, that the Nordic airs put on by the Germans were absurd since so large a proportion of Germans are of Alpine blood. This is, of course, a neat dialectic thrust, but it fails to touch the core of the problem.

What, then, is the evidence for the greater worth of the Nordic? This question can be answered briefly but fairly, that it is precisely *nil*. No more exhilarating source of innocent merriment exists than the literature of the school headed by Count Gobineau and Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain. All the great men of European history are passed in review by these gentlemen and, with complete assurance, are solemnly pronounced to be one and all of Nordic stock; at least, by a miraculous intuition all their desirable traits are assigned to Nordic heritage. Do actual measurements make Bismarck a broad-head? If they do, then of course the measurements must be wrong: "our great Bismarck" must assuredly have had a long head. Richard Wagner's diminutive frame is obviously the dire result of inter-breeding with Alpines; his genius must be an unadulterated creation of Nordic germ-plasm.

Quite apart from such palpable absurdities, this Gobineau-Chamberlain theory is objectionable from every possible angle. In the first place, while modern science does not dogmatically proclaim the equality of all races, the differences between any two of them are certainly far less than is popularly assumed. Indeed, it can be stated quite definitely that no satisfactory proof has yet been furnished that the European is by native endowment superior to the Malay or the Negro. Until such proof is offered, the assumption of a vast hereditary difference between Nordic and Alpine European has not the slightest plausibility. Secondly, it would be interesting to know on what grounds any specific psychological traits are ascribed to the Nordic race. Intellectual and spiritual capaci-

ties are not so readily measured as are the colour of hair or skin; nor is it easy in appraising them to disengage the acquired from the natural factors.

But difficult as the problem is, it becomes insoluble when we recall that nowhere nowadays, certainly nowhere in Germany, do we find a large group from which we can be certain that Alpine influences are wholly excluded. As the eugenicist Schallmayer remarks, there is probably in the whole of Germany not a single individual of purely Nordic descent. In other words, we can not isolate a pure Nordic group from a pure Alpine group and compare their respective mental characteristics. For a rough classification, these ideal concepts do very well, but they are quite inadequate for so delicate a psychological inquiry. Assuming, then, for the sake of argument, that the Nordic stock originally possessed a distinctive psyche, how are we to ascertain its characteristics to-day? We can determine only what mental traits are combined with the relatively purest physical complex that gave rise to the concept of the Nordic type. But, apart from the technical difficulties of establishing the higher qualities of imagination, reasoning power and spiritual faculties, there is nothing in the law of heredity to prevent a Nordic physique from being again and again associated with an Alpine mentality, and vice versa. Nordic mentality, an improbable *a priori* notion, thus passes into the realm of the unknowable. The Nordic concept is an abstraction based on physical data, and to transfer it to the psychological sphere can lead only to disastrous results.

There would be a semblance of plausibility in the contentions of the Chamberlainists, if populations preponderantly Teutonic exhibited any marked superiority over Alpine groups living under generally similar social conditions. But this test is a lamentable failure. It is a notorious fact that the South Germans contributed rather more than their proportional share to the roster of great Germans. An excellent case in point is provided by the history of the Walloons in Sweden. These people are descendants of Belgian blacksmiths who settled in Sweden in the seventeenth century; for a long period intermarried exclusively among themselves, and only in recent years have come to mingle in some measure with the Swedes. With their dark skin and hair these immigrants present a marked contrast to their fair-haired hosts. Yet this handful of Alpine intruders hold their own among the purest Nordic population of the world. Professor Retzius, who can not be accused of an anti-Nordic bias, not only gives these Walloons an excellent civic character but points out that a number of them have risen to eminence in science and in public life.

But of course reasoned argument is of no avail against the race-enthusiast, because at bottom nothing interests him less than the dispassionate quest of truth. As some of his guild candidly avow, the cult of their race is not for them a matter to be rationally discussed, it is a full-fledged faith embodying their dearest ideal values. They thus present to the critical anthropologist the impregnable front of religious fanatics for whom the worship of the Nordic fills the emotional void left by the decay of older creeds. Viewing the situation from this angle, the scientist might well turn his back upon it, for it is by no means his function to prove to any group of devotees that their values are not values—to themselves. "Religious opinions," says Ernst Mach, the wisest spokesman of modern science, "remain each man's most individual private affair so long as he does not obtrude them on others and transfer them to matters belonging before a different forum."

So long as he does not obtrude them on others, there's the rub: it is the Teutonomania's propagandist activity that rouses scientific hostility. For unlike Yum-Yum he is not content to thrill with rapture at the contemplation of his own transcendent loveliness. His is a faith less tolerant than that of Islam, for its aim is not the conversion but the damnation of the infidel; salvation is only by predestination, by the divine right of Nordic lineage. It is because the follower of Gobineau, like all bigots, contends that his values represent absolute values to be recognized alike by Nordic and non-Nordic, because by a quasi-scientific theodicy he tries to sublimate his individual belief into an objective standard that the scientist is compelled to take up arms against him. The scientist will do so without venom against the honest enthusiasts among his opponents but also without fear of wounding their sensibilities, for the matter is too important to permit an excess of delicacy. The scientist will not dogmatize as to racial equality when not even the foundation has been laid for an accurate determination of the higher racial capacities. He will simply point out again and again, calmly and authoritatively, that in the light of present knowledge nothing warrants the idolatry of whatever bit of reality may lurk behind that concept of a "Nordic race" which for purposes of classifying human groups by their physical traits is of some use and convenience to anthropological science.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

JOHN REED.

JOHN REED, American poet, died, a communist, in Moscow, the capitol of the future State, of the disease of the revolutionary present: typhus; he was bitten by a sick louse, a doomed parasite.

Jack could have made a song of that, a laughing song, in the days when he sang and laughed. He was a joyous spirit then; I tried to keep him glad. His father asked me to. Jack's father was my friend, and a brilliant man he was; a wit. He was the leading spirit of the leading club of Portland, Oregon; and he played himself, as he wished his boy to play, till he was bitten, as the boy was, by those same deadly, dying things.

Francis J. Heney came to Oregon, prosecuting timber-frauds, seeking with William J. Burns for the proofs of the process by which our forests fell into private hands. The evidence reached up among the commanding men of Oregon, and they controlled, among other things, the machinery of the law. Their U. S. Marshal picked the juries. Heney asked Reed—Jack's father—to be U. S. Marshal and so see that the panels were free and fair. Reed laughed. He guessed what it meant to him, but he took the job; and he did the job. There were convictions and there were hates. Reed's club hated Reed, who faced the hate and bit it with his wit. He had a tongue, as Jack had. It is a story of breed I'm telling.

One day, several years after the timber-fraud scandal, ex-U. S. Marshal Reed invited me to his club. He led me into the main dining-room up to the centre table where "the crowd" lunched. It was the noon-hour; most of the crowd were there.

"There they are," said Reed to me, but for them to hear. "That's the crowd that got the timber and tried to get me. And there, at the head of the table, that vacant chair, that's my place. That's where I sat. That's where I stood them off, for fun for years, and then for months in deadly earnest; but gaily, always gaily. I haven't sat in that place since the day I rose and left it, saying I'd never come back to it and saying that I would like to see which one of them would have the nerve to think that he could take and hold and fill my place. I have heard, and I am glad to see, that it is vacant yet, my vacant chair."

That was Jack Reed's father: tall, handsome, audacious and a wit; a gay and, later, a bitten, bitter wit. He told me about his boy at Harvard and he asked me "to look out for Jack" when he came out of college into life in New York.

"He is a gay spirit," the father said, "a joyous thing. Keep him so. He is a poet, I think; keep him singing. Let him see everything, but don't—don't let him get like me."

I couldn't. I tried, and not for his father's sake only.

When John Reed came, big and growing, handsome outside and beautiful inside, when that boy came down from Cambridge to New York, it seemed to me that I had never seen anything so near to pure joy. No ray of sunshine, no drop of foam, no young animal, bird or fish, and no star, was as happy as that boy was. If only we could keep him so, we might have a poet at last who would see and sing nothing but joy. Convictions were what I was afraid of. I tried to steer him away from convictions, that he might play; that he might play with life; and see it all, love it all, live it all; tell it all; that he might be it all; but all, not any one thing. And why not? A poet is more revolutionary than any radical. Great days they were, or rather nights, when the boy would bang home late and wake me up to tell me what he had been and seen that day; the most wonderful thing in the world. Yes. Each night he had been and seen the most wonderful thing in the world.

He wrote some of those things. He became all of those things. He fell head over heels in love with every single one of those most wonderful things: with his job; with his friends; with labour; with girls; with strikes; with the I. W. W.; with socialism; with the anarchists; with the bums in the Bowery; with the theatre; with God and Man and Being. I pulled him out of each such love-affair anxiously at first, but so easily and so often that I soon felt he was safe. I thought I could trust the next most wonderful thing to save him from the last most wonderful thing, so I went off on a long journey, to Mexico. So did Jack, but Jack went, as a poet, to Villa, the bandit, while I went, as U. S. Marshal Reed would have gone, to Carranza's side.

I don't know just what it was that finally caught and took the joy out of this poet and turned him into a poem. He loved a girl, one girl, but Louise is a poet, too, and a vagabond, or she was when she left here in boy's clothes last summer to follow Jack to Russia. And he loved the I. W. W. faithfully and the Red Left of the Socialist party, and, like his father, he hated hate and—all that. I really think it was in the breed. Anyhow, he got a conviction and so, the revolutionary spirit got him. He became a fighter; out for a cause; a revolutionist at home here, and in Russia a communist. He didn't smile any more.

A friend of his and of mine, who travelled, and worked with Jack in Russia last summer said that Jack was "like the other communists in there": he was hard, intolerant, ruthless, clinched for the fight. I could see that Jack had hurt our friend who, having said this, brooded a moment. But then said his friend:

"I wish I could be a communist."

You see, in Moscow, in Soviet Russia, where there are lice and hunger and discipline and death; where it is hell now; they see—even a non-communist can see something to live or to die for. They can see that life isn't always going to be as it is now. The future is coming; it is in sight; it is coming, really and truly coming, and soon. And it is good. They can see this with their naked eyes, common men can; I did, for example. So, to a poet, to a spirit like Jack Reed, the communist, death in Moscow must have been a vision of the resurrection and the life of Man.

LINCOLN STEFFENS.

## POETRY.

WILLOW POLLEN.

*Fleur de Lys on Lake Champlain.*

The rain upon my roof is the rain of apple blossoms,  
At my feet the water willows stand knee-deep in rushes;  
A swaying mirror for the sun the lake swings and tips,  
Spilling broken drowsy shadows and silver leaves.  
In the willow pollen the bees hum;  
In the apple bloom the bees hum;  
Fluttering up like a begging hand  
The ash tree twirls its mystic seven-fold leaf,  
The thrush its song.

O beautiful world, what are you?  
And who made you?  
Are you no more than a fragrant dream,  
A jewelled crust of loam for sun to shine upon,  
A swaying mirror of water,  
Willow pollen,  
A twirling song,  
A crumbling leaf?

JEANNETTE MARKS.